

In My Veins by Yowowwhatstrangethings

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M, FBI AU, Mileven, and they have like a fun little convo, based on that post where she's talking to her computer, i will add more character tags as I go, programmed cell death, thanks roger say hi to the kids, that no one asked for, that one, what does aptosis mean, will do please get more sleep

Language: English

Characters: Eleven (Stranger Things), Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Eleven really just needed to rant. She honestly wasn't expecting an actual response. If she had, she would be in a room with actual people in it. And possibly her teacher.

But, she was in her room, completely alone, when she heard a voice say, "Aptosis means programmed cell death."

Or

The mileven fbi au no one asked for.

1. Chapter 1: Aptosis

Author's Note:

Title comes from the Andrew Belle song of the same name. Killer song that reminds me a lot of mileven. Hope you guys like it!!

“You’ll make sure to eat, right?” Max pulled a sweatshirt over her head, yanking her hair out so that it was free to flow down her back.

“Uh-huh.” Eleven replied, her eyes scanning the line she had just written. *No that wasn’t right. Maybe if I-*

Max gave Eleven a look, hands on her hips, “And you’re not just saying that to get me to leave you alone, right?”

Something isn’t flowing. “Uh-huh.” *If I move this sentence here, and get rid of this. . .*

“And we’re still on to get rid of that dead body I’ve been storing under my bed tonight, right?”

Okay that’s better. “Uh-huh.”

Max threw her hands up in frustration, “Eleven!”

“What?” Eleven finally looked over to an exasperated Max standing by the door.

“Have you heard anything I’ve said?” When El looked down, she continued, “Oh my god. I am trying to care for your well being please pay attention.”

El fake gasped, “You? Caring? Who are you?”

“Haha that’s so funny. You’re such a comedian.” Max pointed across the room, “I put a few slices of pizza from the caf in the fridge because I know how you are when you have an essay. Please eat so that I don’t worry about you dying.”

“Okay, okay. I’ll make sure to eat, I promise.” Eleven shot a sly look over her shoulder at the redhead, “*Mom.*”

Max rolled her eyes before calling out a drawn out farewell, the door to their dorm shutting with a bang.

When Eleven turned back to her computer, she squinted in annoyance. She still had five more pages to write, and she was already absolutely *exhausted*. What the hell kind of science teacher thought it was a good idea to write a ten page paper answering questions about *cells* of all things? Most teachers gave out a worksheet but *no*. The questions had to be in essay format.

What are three main inducers of apoptosis? Explain in detail.

“Explain in detail? What the hell Mr. Peters? You didn’t even teach any of this god damned information.” Eleven smacked her hand against the worksheet, “I don’t even know what apoptosis means! How am I supposed to write you an essay if you don’t even teach the information you asshole! What the hell is apoptosis and what does it have to do with cells? Literally what the hell?”

Eleven really just needed to rant. She honestly wasn’t expecting an actual response. If she had, she would be in a room with actual people in it. And possibly her teacher.

But, she was in her room, completely alone, when she heard a voice say, “Apoptosis means programmed cell death.”

She shrieked loudly, jumping away from her computer, quite literally flopping to the ground as her chair slipped out from under her. She landed hard on her elbow and she felt a sharp pain burst through head as she smacked her temple against the concrete floor. Warm liquid starting flowing from where the skin of her brow had split on contact, but she ignored it as she stood on shaky feet and faced her computer again.

“Ah shit I am so sorry. Are you okay? Oh shit you’re bleeding. Oh no. I’m so getting fired.” The voice was coming from her computer speakers, despite the fact that there was no image of anyone on screen. Which, to be frank, was freaking Eleven out.

So, she did what any normal person in this type of situation would do.

She slammed that laptop closed and chucked it under her bed, cringing at the metallic thunk it made on its way.

She was panicking slightly, her breathing jumpy and fast, when she heard the same voice, albeit slightly muffled, speak again from under the bed, “Alright I get that you are freaked out, and I am so sorry, but now that I have completely ruined any future I could possibly have, can I please explain myself?”

Eleven blinked in surprise. For a creepy voice in her computer, he was pretty nice, and he sounded ashamed, which he should be.

Don’t get her wrong. Eleven was beyond freaked out, and she could feel the heat of anger starting to boil up in the pit of her stomach as the initial panic of getting a response began to wind down.

So, against her better judgement, (which, mind you, was screaming for her to grab her laptop and chuck it out the window at breakneck speeds) Eleven pulled her laptop out from under the bed, placed it gently on her desk, and opened it.

“Okay. Explain.”

2. Chapter 2: Red Flags

Summary for the Chapter:

The voice explains.

“Okay. Explain.”

“Thank you.” The voice said. “Okay where do I even start with this.”

Eleven rolled her eyes as she reached for a tissue to stop the bleeding on her brow, “How about ‘why the hell are you on my computer?’”

“Yeah. There would be good. Except I’m not legally allowed to tell you why I was on your computer.”

“Wait. Hold on. You’re trying to tell me that you begged me to let you explain, but you aren’t legally allowed to explain anything to me. Yeah that makes sense.” Eleven was exasperated, to say the least. None of this made any damn sense. All she wanted was some answers.

“That would be correct.”

Eleven’s anger was really starting to get the better of her, “Then why the hell are you even still talking to me if you can’t even tell me why?”

The voice seemed to ponder that for a moment, “You know what? Screw it. My ass is going to be fired anyway for even talking to you in the first place.”

He stops then. For a good few seconds until Eleven says, “Well?”

“Right, sorry.” She can hear him inhale sharply, “Well I work for the United States government as an FBI agent. And I’ve been on desk duty for the past couple weeks. So I’ve been assigned with monitoring computers that have red flagged the system. You set off a red flag earlier today when you looked up ‘stab wound placement’ so I’ve been keeping an eye on your web history, along with several other red-flagged computers. And I honestly didn’t mean to listen in on you

but I accidentally turned on the mic when I knocked something over on my desk, and you sounded really frustrated and I knew the answer” - the voice seemed to be panicking because his sentences stopped ending and everything was getting rushed together - “because I’m a huge nerd and cell biology fascinates me and so before I could even think about how creepy I was being I was already telling you the meaning of apoptosis.”

Eleven blinked in surprise. That was a lot to take in all at once.

She wanted to get more information on the whole FBI thing. That was the important part. But for some reason her brain decided to toss out, “My biology research red-flagged me with the FBI?”

“You googled stab wound placement and then clicked on ‘the most efficient place to stab if you are trying to kill somebody’ which, really, is super weird considering as far as I can tell your essay is on cells.”

Eleven got defensive fast, “This particular essay I’m on is about cells. My teacher also gave us a short essay assignment on proper bandaging based on where you’ve been stabbed as a “fun assignment.””

“While that makes sense, it’s still sketchy. We don’t know what you were planning on doing with the information so, legally speaking, we have to monitor you.”

“I guess that makes sense.” Something the voice had said earlier suddenly hit her as strange, “Wait a second. When you first started talking to me you mentioned that I was bleeding. Have you been hacked into my computer camera this whole afternoon?”

“Um. Maybe.”

“Oh my god! That is so creepy! So you’ve seen *and* heard everything that’s happened in my dorm?” Eleven asked incredulously.

“Including your roommates crack about the dead body.”

“What? That didn’t even happen.” Eleven said as she reached for her stack of sticky notes.

“Man you really weren’t listening to her. By the way, Eleven is an interesting name.”

“Oh my god. You are such a *stalker*.” Eleven said.

“Not really. I mean the only real stalker is our computer system. Once you’ve been red-flagged once, it automatically begins downloading your information if you’ve been red-flagged again.”

Eleven furrowed her brow, “What do you mean?”

“Well, you wouldn’t require human monitoring until your second red flag. First one just puts you on our radar. Second one requires full time monitoring. And you were red flagged a few years ago when you had that altercation with your foster father.”

“So, hold on.” Eleven was bewildered by this discovery. They had been *watching* her? Because of *him*? “So you can see everything about me? Right now?”

“Um. Yeah. Sorry.”

This information made Eleven irrationally angry. And she could really only take it out on one person, “Alright asshole. I’ve had enough of your nosiness.”

She peeled off a sticky note and slapped it onto the camera.

“Wait! Don’t you have any more questions?”

“No.” She clicked through her computer settings before finding what she was looking for, “From here on out, if you are still legally required to monitor me, you’re just gonna have to monitor my desktop. Anything past that is absolute bullshit. Have fun with the rest of your life”

She clicked the power button for the computer’s mic.

“Wait, Eleven, I’m sorry I didn’t mean to-“

Then, she shut off her speakers.

Notes for the Chapter:

Hope y'all liked it. Let me know what you thought,
and I'll have a new chapter out as soon as I can.